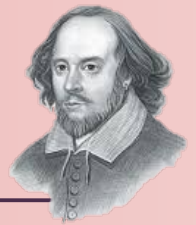


The Poet's Corner



Shall I compare you?

Shall I compare you to a rose's bud?

Your grace is as true as the rose's one

Your smile is as delicate as the colour of a small rose

And you are as shy as a bud when it doesn't want to open up

Your eyes sparkle like the fresh dew

When it touches a rose and it is illuminated by the sun rays

Your skin is as soft as a rose petal

And your hair is as savage as is a flower cuddled by the wind

But when the night comes, the rose's beauty disappears,

While your face is kissed by the moon.

Your cheeks are more and more red,

While the rose is fading slowly

I could whisper that rose is nice

But I must shout that you are magnificent